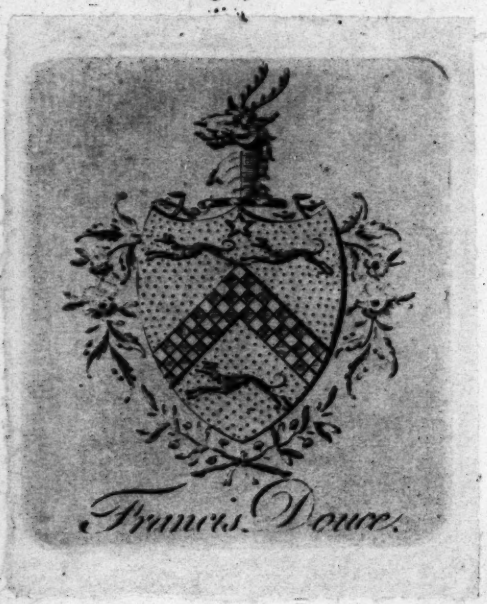
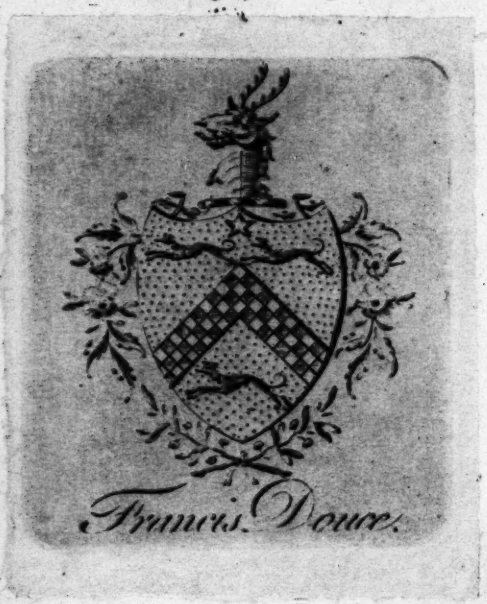
Douce
~~A. 23~~ W. 88



Douce
~~A. 23~~ W. 88



Ludus Scacchia.

A SATYR

With Other

POEMS.

Douce

By R. G.

Dum Vacat——

LONDON,

Printed by *A. M.* for *Robert Clavel* at the sign of *Peacock* in St. *Pauls Church-Yard*. 1675.

EX DONO
Bibl.
Bodl.
DOUCE

To the Reader.

PApers of this nature, having no coherence with each other, but passing abroad, looſe, and nameleſs, are oftentimes (as Children ſtraying from their Parents) ſeiz'd on, and poſſeſs'd by Wanderers; who do not yet think them ſtoln ſure enough, *till by diſtorting their Limbs and newfaſhioning, and moulding them into unknown ſhapes (as the ſame Tribe deal with ſtoln Garments) they have* alter'd the Property of *the child; thus doubly loſt, to its Parents firſt, and to it ſelf after. Such having been the luck of ſome of theſe Papers, the Author thought him*

himself concern'd, offering them to appear as when first parted with them, to repair the Injury done to them, Himself, and the Reader.

Ludus

Ludus Scacchia.

BEtwixt two Potent *Sheeks* an endleſs Fewd
Begun, decided, and agen renew'd,
Where Equal Powers Equal Powers invade,
By turnes who Triumph'd, and were Triumphs made;
Where *Vertue* never did on *Fortune* wait,
But drew *at home* the Lot of its own Fate;
Death, both alike, or Victory purſue,
'Cauſe *other* men had *nothing elſe* to do,
We ſing. But firſt, according to the Laws
Of ſtory, though ſome thus ſlightly ſpeak oth' cauſe,
We muſt not ſo paſſ't o'r, leſt it be thought
We knew as *little* on't, as *they that fought.*

The common Souldier, by Providence
Call'd forth to Fight for Conſcience, or for pence,
(Both which he wanted, and return'd home fraught
With full as much of either, as he brought)
Made *that* his cauſe, oblig'd to kill and ſlay
By *vowes* Religious, or *more ſacred* pay.

Some talk'd of Fame, and Honour; gain'd by ſpoil
Rapine, deſtruction, and the Virtuous Toyle

f ſhedding Blood; in which cri[illegible] alone
hey plac'd *All Honour*, and witho[illegible]m, none.
But theſe were private ends, which might be gain'd
Whether their party Right, or Wrong maintain'd;
ut the Grand cauſe it ſelf, is ſtill a Miſtery,
lention'd by no Authentique Rime, or Hiſtory;
nly one Nameleſs Author, (who ſhall ſtill
ſo for us ſince 'twas his own good-will)
ys, that they quarrell'd not 'bout *wrong*, or *Right*;
ut cauſe the one was *Black* and t'other *white*:
that although in *ſhape*, both ſides were one,
ſubſtance, *Power*, *Value*, *Motion*;
nd for the *ſame*, did as the friend appear,
he ſewds, through *deadly Colours*, mortal were:
So for like cauſe to death, the *Veneti*
rſu'd and were purſu'd by th' *Praſſini*; (an
ough both were *Greeks*, though one were *as much* Chriſti-
t'other; both ſubjects of the ſame *Juſtinian*:
d took *no Covenant*, fram'd no Croſs-Religion
ſerpents Innocence, and wit oth' Pidgeon;
ught for no *good* nor *hurt*, Honour nor Riches;
't'cauſe the *One* wore *Blew*, t'Other *Green* Breeches:
t, which with wonder muſt be told agen,
eſe *Veneti* and *Praſſini* were men,
ough to all wiſe Mens Judgment, and the Tryal
Reaſon, their madneſs ſeem'd a *Self-denial*.
nd ſo when minds from minds divided are,
ſe Colours, oft give cauſeleſs, endleſs War;
Minds take *Colours* too, and the deep taint
s him a *Devil*, and guilds him a *Saint*:

For

For, As Light's ſimple, uncompounded Ray,
Strikes all eyes with the ſame, One ſenſe of Day:
But that ſame Light, if through a miſt it ſtream,
Is *Colour*, in the *Clouds*, was *Light*, ith' *Beam*;
And is as various, and Phantaſtical,
As is its various *Paſſage*, or its *Fall*:
So the firſt pure Deſcents of *Truth*, and *Right*,
Shed in all hearts, expreſs One *Native Light*;
A Simple, primitive, untainted Flame,
One; as is One, that *Glory* whence it came.
But this *ſame Truth*, beheld through Intereſt,
Adherence, Folly, Pride, or other miſt;
Is then diſcolour'd: And her own Chaſt Ray
Is varied by the tincted *Term*, or *Way*;
And ſhe, whoſe ſimple, naked Candour's ſtill
The ſame, falſe *Colours* takes of *Good* and *Ill*,
And through thoſe *Miſts* ſtains all ſhe ſhines upon,
With differing *Colour*, and *Opinion*;
Who, for Truth's ſelf, embracing the *Diſguiſe*,
(The falſe *Cloud*'s Beauty for the *Goddeſſe*'s)
Do, for that *Colours ſake*, hate thoſe, who be
Veſted in any *Other Livery*;
And make it Capital, for all who *Stray*
By diff'ring *Rules*, and *Err*, *Another way*.

Some ſay they fought, as Indians, by Tradition;
And from the States *Below*, took their Commiſſion.

Some, to enlarge their Empire; Not to eaſe
The wretched, as the glorious *Herculeſ*,
(Who, for th' Oppreſſed, broke th' Oppreſſour's yoke
When he lop'd *Hydra*, and made *Cacus* ſmoke:

No preys from th' Helpleſs raviſh'd, brand his Story;
He *left* the *Spoiles*, and only *took* the *Glory*;)
But, to detain the Captiv'd Liberty
Still Captive, and *Tranſlate* the Tyranny;
Graſping *falſe* Glories, and diſhonour'd Power,
Judg'd then moſt great, when moſt it can devoure;
That they themſelves may ſpoyl *Alone*, whilſt they
Th' Oppreſſed, and th' Oppreſſour, make *One prey*;
Like Thieves, and Murtherers, as the bold Pirate
Talking to *Alexander* at a High rate,
Told that Great Conquerour, he had to all
The Ships he took by Sea, as good a *Call*,
As he and's Macedonians had, to ſeize
The Eaſtern World, and make *Perſia Prize*;
That therefore he, the vanquiſh'd World's chief,
Was but a *Great*, himſelf, a *Leſſer* Thief;
And thoſe were Vulgar, and unjuſt decrees
Which *Crown* the greater Crimes, but *Damn* the leſs;
For the *ſame* guilty Facts, advancing him
To the *due Scaffold*; him, toth' *Diadem*.
Some ſay they Fought only for their *Own Quiet*,
Or Body politique, keeping ill dyet,
All of diſeaſes growes, Rebellious Tumors,
Puſ'd, as the Natural, by peccant Humors;
Which to diſcharge, the cleanlyeſt way is found
To purge: But let it *work* on Neighbours Ground.
What e'r the Cauſe was, they reſolv'd to fight,
Succeſs would make *One of 'em* in the Right;
Or few purſue their Right, but their Advantage,
And having Power once, They never want adg-

Uſt-

Uſt cauſe, for Power can make Powerful Laws:
Laws, make what's juſt, what's juſt, makes a good Cauſe;
So that whate'r the Cauſe ſeem at Firſt ſight,
All victours, *firſt or laſt*, are in the Right.
Wherefore, no Field yet fought, we ſhall forbear
To ſay the Righteous cauſe was *Here*, or *There*;
Deſpairing to be able to determine
More knowingly what 'twas, than the poor vermine,
Who Covenanted to Fight for't with their Lives,
Their Goods, Their Fortunes, and their pregnant Wives:
But the Succeſs alone ſhall here demonſtrate,
To which, with greateſt ſpeed we ſhall go on ſtraight;
Not ſtaying to rehearſe the General's ſpeeches,
Counting the Wealth ſtow'd in Foes Camp, or Breeches;
What bleſſed Change of Fortune, Quarters, Linnen,
(*Gold* they had long been out of, *Shirts* had bin-in;)
The Victory would yield 'em, *Victory*,
That would indulg a *Boundleſs* Liberty;
Such, as in Peaceful times, were dangerous,
Where men of Valour oft are caught ith' Nooſe,
When for their *Private ends*, They practiſe ought
Which for the *Publick good* they had been taught;
Committing in the High-ways, or oth' Borders,
Some Honourable Action *without Orders*;
Whereas, for the *ſame deeds*, performed here,
The Noble *Hero* ſtraight would *Lawrel* weare;
For th' happy ſword, All Rights, All Bonds diſſolves,
All Actions ſacred, with prophane involves;
And the freed Victour, from thoſe Bonds releaſ'd,
places *above* a God, *beneath* a Beaſt:

For ev'n from *Nature's Laws*, (which Gods decree,
And themſelves keep,) Conqueſt ſhall ſet *him* free;
His licenc'd Rage and Luſt, *no Bounds* regard,
Thoſe Crimes, are his bold *Trophies*, and *Reward*;
Midſt which Atchievments triumphing, he can
Inſult o'r th' vanquiſh'd, and *forget* the *Man*;
When torn by his wild Rage, defac'd ſhall lye
The *Others*, and *His own Humanity*;
All Laws forgot, born, or deliver'd; All,
But the Good Orders of the General.
Prepared thus with powerful ſpeech, and pay,
And grant of ev'ry thing came in their way;
Both ſides advance: But e'r we farther tell
What in this memorable fight befel,
We ſhould, the motions of each piece, and worth,
And th' Reaſons for it, briefly firſt ſet forth:
For here, the Art of War, as ſure is told,
As Chymiſts, taught by *Orpheus Hymns*, make Gold;
Yet *Dark*, and ſubject to *Interpretation*,
As in revealing *Miſteries* is the Faſhion
For prime and leading Authors: For they make ſute
Of Fame who *darkly* render things Obſcure;
(For objects which in *Miſts* are ſhewn, and *Night*,
Their Terms being broken, and indefinite;
Are floating, doubtful, looſe; and manifold,
Which no as ſtated, can, and one, behold:
This, their preſenters renders *Safe* and *Great*,
The veil, at once *honours*, and *hides* the Cheat)
Keeping the Learned, *Ignorant*, and *Lowde*,
Themſelves confounding, and th' amazed *Crowde*;

For

For whom they underſtand, and for whoſe ſake,
They Errours oft *expound*, and oft-times *make*;
Yet, by a *wide* Interpretation,
Can th' *Authors* fame, bring ſafe off, and their *Own*;
That Fame, which th' Author gain'd, and th' world allots
For profound *Gravity*, and *Knitting knots*;
Who, had he ſpoke his Words out, *plain* and *clear*,
Men had been *quiet*, 'cauſe th'ad ſpi'd *Nothing* there.
Which we eſpying here, (for any One
May day at ſmall hole ſee, and Night at none)
We ſhall not much, Our ſelves, or Others, trouble
Why ſome piece ſingly moves, and ſome moves double;
Nor of the place, or ſhape, what is the *Moral*,
Shall Reaſon any give, for ſome, or for All;
But leave it to the ſage Mythologiſt,
Who may be free to wander as he liſt;
To hide, what-ere he pleaſe, and he pleaſe, what tell.
We muſt go forward to deſcribe the Battel,
Which thus began: Betwixt each Camp, there lay
An equal ſpace, fit to begin the Fray,
From that ſide, which by lot, Fate did decree
In this ſad war ſhould the Agreſſours be
A bold Pawn ſallies out, and having run
Double the Race of his ſlow motion,
He halted in the middle of that ſpace,
Leſt if he ſhould purſue his violent Race,
Breathleſs, and ſpent, he might preſented be,
A Tyr'd, and not an Equal enemy.
But t'Other ſide, whoſe Reſolution
Was great as theirs, ſcorning to be ſain on

Within

Within their Trenches, with like ſpeed, ſend forth
A valiant Pawn, of Equal ſtrength, and worth;
Theſe fight with Rage unheard-of, for how could
They any Otherwiſe, ſince both were *wood*?
Yet both ſtood firm; For with an eaſy ward
'Gainſt downright Blowes, their *Station* was their Guard.
Whilſt int' each Others Heads, they lay about
To beat their Own Cauſe, *in*, or Foes Brains, *Out*,
Intentive only to each Others Blowes,
(How great they were, none but who felt them knows)
One of the Black-ſide's Pawnes of the next Rank
Obliquely ſtrikes the white Pawn through the Flank,
He fell, and his fall had been ſung aloud,
But Common Names are loſt among a Crowde.
The Pawn who guarded him reveng'd his Blood,
And o'r the late proud Victour, Victour ſtood;
But without guard, which ſpi'd by adverſe Biſhop,
He ſhoots an Arrow at him, which by miſhap;
Pierc'd his Habergeon, though of tougheſt Leather,
Armour of proof (alas) againſt *cold weather*,
But not *cold Iron*; That went quite through, and better,
He fell to Earth, but roſe in Fame much greater;
And to his wretched Heirs bequeath'd it, who
To *live upon't*, had more than they could do;
Fame may be good to th' *Dead*, who eat not: But
When in the Scale 'gainſt *Living-hunger* put,
It proves too light: For though Fame, e'vry-where
Sound wondrous loude, The *Belly has no eare*;
But to provide for them, he cared not,
As long as he himſelf was *gon to Pot*.

An Adverſe Knight eſpi'd this, and leaping here
And there about the Field, and every-where
O're Neighbours Shoulders, at the laſt falls on
The King and Biſhop with his * *Dulcarnon.*

* *The* Pythagorean Y, *and the* Logician's Dilemma, *are both of them* Horned; *Becauſe they preſent two Objects of Choice, both dangerous, and one of them inevitable; rendring the mind anxious and perplex'd, being inforc'd to a Neceſſity of Election, yet not knowing which peril to chooſe.* Chawcer, *in his* Troilus *and* Creſſeid, *when* Creſſeid *was in a like Extremity, makes her ſay?*

I am till God mee better mind ſend
At *Dulcarnon* right at my wits end.

Meaning, ſhe was reduc'd to the ſame Condition as is effected by the Powers of the Y, *or the* Dilemma, *for either of which Expreſſions,* Chawcer *ſubſtitutes, this new One of his Own, of the very ſame import, taking it from the* Æra Dhilcarnain, *which was* Alexander's Æra: *who, to eſtabliſh that Opinion of his being the Son of* Jupiter Hammon *(who was* Corniger*) cauſ'd a coin to be ſtamp'd, having his Own Image on it with* Two Hornes *as well as his Father* Hammon; *whoſe Image alſo was on the* Reverſe, *(a Coin of which I have by me) And the* Greeks, *in memory of* Him, *ſubſtituted* Another Æra *in place of their* Olimpiads, *and call'd it (*Æra Alexandrea*)* Alexanders Æra. *This* Æra, *the* Arabians call'd Æra Dhilcarnain, *viz.* Æra habentis duo Cornua: *which our Excellent Poet, though in thoſe dull times, ſaw as clearly as* Scaliger *did after; and accordingly made uſe of.*

Whoever obſerves the Knight's *Cheque, That it equally threatens* Two Oppoſites, *and unavoidably deſtroyes* One, *will allow the Expreſſion; and not take* Dulcarnon *for the name of the Knights Sword.*

No passage open 'gainst the Knight there lay,
For *Numerous Pawnes* obstructed all the way;
Wherefore, the King *first* from the danger freed,
Himself, the Bishop *off'red* in his steed;
The Knight *incontinent* in his place did stand,
And having cast him down, *Possess'd his Land.*

Fortune now doubtful stood; here, victory
Crowns the successful; Others bleed and dye;
In *differing* Fates, their *Glories Equal* be,
This boasts his *Conquest*; *He*, his *Destiny.*
Time, and succeeding Changes, *buries All*,
And levels *t'Others Triumph*, with *his Fall.*

But to describe Each *Private* Fate, or Glory
Or th' different Wounds and Deaths to lay before ye,
As *Grave Historians* well-seen in Poetry,
Do, when plain Narratives they beautifie,
Telling, how many ways wild Man had found
To ruine Man; Here, One dye *without wound*,
Trod under Foot; There, (which might be thought Fiction)
Knight, all-beral'd in Blood, Or his Own miction,
Lyes drown'd in *Open Field*; or midst the Host,
Here closing lips beneath, breaths out the Ghost:
We, who to Truth and Brevity pretend,
Shall here omit, and hasten to an end.

Nor shall we tell what *Sancid Aben Patrick*
Deposes, how One oth' Shecks design'd by a-trick,
To ruine t'Other, making the War cease,
And during pleasure, an *Eternal Peace*;
That, ith' mean time, *watching the Others watr*,
Whilest he lay still, and dreamt of no such matter,

This

This, who was Watchful, did embrace th' Occaſion,
And following the preſent *Diſpenſation*;
Which Providence *held forth*, (and he had Grace
To take, being a Saint of Mahomet's Own Race)
Quitting that Honour, by which Men draw nigh
The Gods; thoſe Garlands, which *veracity*
Plants on their Glorious, their ſtill-flouriſhing Brow,
Who truth revere, and to its Altars bow,
For th' fading Glories, ſucceſsful perjury
Does yield, fell on, and gain'd the victory:
But what *Ben Batrick* ſays, is nought to us,
We follow better Authors, who write thus.

Each Sheck had by his ſide a bold virago,
Penthesilea ſuch was long time ago;
And ſhe, who did of late ſo ſtoutly pull-a-
-Crow with Sr. *Hudibras*, Our modern Trulla;
One of theſe Dames, whoſe Valour, and bold worth
Safety forgot, when Honour call'd Her forth
Oppreſs'd with Number, fell; and drew upon
The Foe, a *Numerous* Ruine, with Her *One*:
The Victours, by her Death grown confident,
Againſt the frighted Sheck, their whole Force bent;
Who, with his ſmall ſtrength guarded, ſometimes flies,
Then ſtands, charges, retires, and all ways tryes;
Till at the laſt he gain'd, a *Paſs*, where, free
From Check, he breaths, and faces th' Enemy.
Whilſt thus they ſtand at gaze, deſigning how
Theſe may o'recome; *This*, ſhun the Overthrow,
A valiant Pawn oth' diſtreſs'd Parties ſide,
Who, Fortune, *Follower* took; and Vertue, *Guide*;

To

To the Foes laſt, and greateſt ſtrength, made on,
Which he poſſeſs'd, maintain'd, and reach'd a Crown;
The ſpoyles of that late glorious Amazon,
Who had before been Partner of the Throne;
He, ſince in him Her vertues are enſhrin'd,
Is now the *Queen*; No ſex in the mind;
Vertue, whom it *adornes*, it *equals*; All
With her bright Lawrel bound, are *Laureats All*;
And with this wrath, *Each* circles his *Own Brow*;
The vertuous, to *Themſelves* their Garlandowe;
Which, men (*aloof*) beholding, deck with Praiſe,
Theſe, do but *Honour*; Theirſelves *Plant* their Bayes.
Amaz'd, with this ſo generous, ſelf-rais'd ſupply,
The Sheck, with joy, with dread, the Enemy;
She takes th' Advantage of that Fear, and Charges,
And their thin, opening Troops, urging, enlarges;
Down falls a Rook, and Biſhop, Knight withdrawes
To place of ſafety; Fear has no ſhame, nor Laws;
To the abandon'd Sheck, ſhee then gives *Mate*,
The Hand that gave it forth, Honour'd the Fate.
Thus was this ſcene of Blood once acted, when
Theſe which are puppets now, at firſt were Men,
As is recorded by a Bard oth' *Chinois*,
From whom, Great *Naſo*, ſo call'd from his high-noſe,
Borrow'd much matter in's *Metamorphoſis*;
But, none knowes why has wholly left out this;
Which truth, out of that *Bards* own words, we here
Hold forth, as by comparing 'twill appear.
Fate (quoth he) which in its deeds is dark and ample,
Decreed to make theſe Miſcreants an Example;

And though she some, for causes like, does disguise;
Enraged now, she did these *Arabs* signifie;
Their close designs and Frauds, a Patern made
To all, who drive of War the guilty Trade,
And in this *wanton Field*, since 'twas unknown
Which party did the *Juster Armes* put on;
Whose cause for *Current went*, and whose did *lag*;
She shuffled *Both of 'em* into *One Bag*;
From whence drawn forth, *as if they still were one*;
Upon the like Good cause, They'll *to't agen*.

To the Memory of my Dear Friend and Tutor, Mr. John Gregory *of* Christ-Church.

I'Le not accuſe thy fall; that well-plac'd Fate
Made thee th' *Deſire* of th' Age, no more the *Hate*,
'Tis juſt, it wants, what it contemns; that they
Wander unpittied, who deſpiſe the way;
Fools their *Own ſentence*, ſtill, and Judgment are,
They beg their ill; and ſuffer that falſe Pray'r.
Nor will we pitty *thee*; ſince, what thy mind,
In its Reſtraint, and Priſon, could not find,
Preſs'd with its *Body*, and the *time*, it now,
Free'd from th' ungrateful Loads, does clearly know;
Truth's thy poſſeſſion; And what e'r *begun*,
Of Knowledg here, ends now in *viſion*;
Errour, and wonder ceaſe, and that pure Fire,
Which, when it cover'd lay, and ſhaded here,
Thou couldſt not fully, by its languiſhing,
Faint Ray, diſcover the true Face of Things,
(As Colours are not judg'd ith' twilight, where,
Wants *Darkneſs*, to be *hid*, and *Light*, t' appear:)
Shines out unclouded now; and does enjoy
All its high Eſſence dares, a Bright, *full day*,
Of knowledg, where, th' Light, pure, and unmix'd does ſtream
No falſe Refraction, nor Errour's in the Beam:
No doubtful Colour (that veile of ſhade and Light)
Diſguiſes things, no diſtance breaks the ſight:

But

But that unbounded Glory, that certain light,
Commands all Objects; ſure and Infinite.
Let it not wrong thy Memory, that we
Admiring what thou *Now* art, do paſs by
Thy knowledg *Here*, as if 'twere wanting, No;
What *Man* could find. *Thou* needſt not *Die*, to know,
Language was thine, and what that language frames,
Thou wert not leech only in empty Names;
Thoſe, the *Materials* of thy knowledg were,
But not the *work*: Thou only *entred'ſt* there
Where Others *reſt*; and fraught with their rich prey,
Thou brought'ſt home thence, Arts, numerous as they.
'Twere idle to recount them. By thine Own
Remains th' haſt left us, They are greater known
Than by Our faint Report, th' are they, muſt raiſe
Trophies, that will outlive all Leſſer praiſe.
For to the ſame Duration, ſacred be,
The Aged *Reliques*, and the *Memory*.

To the Memory of Mr. William Cartwright *of* Chr. Ch.

CRown'd with thine Own choice Bay, we do not bring
Hither, Our cheap, and humble Offering,
As by it we could *raiſe up Ought* to thee;
There's no *Acceſs* comes to the Deity
By th' ſacrifices that to th' Altar fall;
(The God is *worthy* of his Honour) All
Thoſe wealthy vows, not *Make* him, but *Confeſs*,
They *Teſtifie* the Worth, not it *encreaſe*;
That ſcorns to Owe to the poor Votary,
Worth were *thence leſs*, *whence* it could *Greater* be.
And ſuch was thine, not born from *Others* Fame;
Parent, and Honour th' art, of thine *Own Name*;
'Twere wrong t' atteſt it; when th' Sun to his Mid-way
Has climb'd, who needs *Bear witneſs* to the day?
'Twere to *Suſpect* his Luſtre, and *betray*
The Truth and Evidence of his Own Ray.
Clear as that Fire, and *high* as is that Fire,
Which did, as that, *break forth*, as that, *aſpire*;
Thine was, 't took wing, diſdain'd, and left the Ground,
Great, and unuſual, and with wonder Crown'd:
Reach'd at, and gain'd the *Height*; touch'd the bold *Thirſe*,
Made known the Pow'r and the high Rage of verſe.
All, but th' *Short Life* oth' Ray (like th' Lightning Ray
Which Shines, and *dyes*, glances, and *darts away*,)

Thine

Thine *laſting* was; As that continual Fire
Which t' after Ages *wakes* ith' Sepulcher;
Wild wit, like *wild-fires*, *Once alone* we ſee,
They ſhoot, and Blaze, but ith' preſentment dye.
Nor was there *Light*, and *Heat* alone, but thence
(That Act of Both) a quick ſtrong Influence;
Through All the parts divided, made them *One*,
Gave to each *Part*, t' it ſelf proportion,
And to the *whole*; And in that Union
Made Life, and Order, ſtrength, and Beauty join.
Nor did this Active mind, and influence
Reflect upon it *Self* alone: But thence,
(As the Sun's quickning Operation, can
Perfect the Maſs begun, and finiſh Man)
Inform the *Hearers*; Raiſe, and inſpire them, with
Thoſe Numbers only, that high and greater Breath:
(As did the happy Thracian's Powerful Song,
Which forc'd the Lyon, and his Den along,
And plac'd a Soul there:) As if Each had been
The Iſſue, and the Creature of thy Pen.
That Life which thou on Others couldſt confer,
Aſſume thy ſelf; And know no Sepulcher,
'Tis to thee, both thy Crown, and Recompence,
The Glory, and Reward of Eloquence.
Live then Great Shade! and ſpight of Time and Death,
Take of thine Own, *Another*; farther *Breath*.

Upan Ben. Johnſon's *Pidture.*

THus look'd, the Guide, and Raiſer of the ſtage,
Whom, *firſt* the Age ſaw Great, *then* he the Age;
Johnſon: in whom, thoſe *diſtant Parts* (ne'r great
But when divided) *Judgment* and *Fancy* met.
All was not *Rapture*; Nor (to ſhun that) *Supine*,
(Like their dull works who put their *Proſe* in Rime)
But a juſt, *Equal Heat*, Each part inform'd
Which, both at once, Beauty and ſtrength adornd.
Thy plaies were not only ith' *Action* ſeen,
As when St. *George*, and Dragon *Both*, came in;
And good Sr. *Lancelot* with his trenchant Blade,
Broke the Gyants Head *in earneſt*, and made
The Boyes, and (wiſer than the Boyes) the *Men*,
Laugh, and cry out, *Lr's ha' that Jeſt agen!*
No; by it ſelf, we could approve thy play,
Though *Bevis* and the Champions were away.
No *General Muſter* came upon thy ſtage,
No *Piquts*, nor *Arrant Prentiſes* did rage;
No *Batteries* were made, nor did the Drum
With direful Noiſe, *Summon* the Tyring Room,
'Twas *Peace* in thy time *Ben*! Some Meſſenger
Brought in th' *Event*, but carried off the *War*.
Thou ne'r ſuch Tragique words, or ſenſe, didſt chooſe
Which did the People, and *thy ſelf* amuſe;
No Caytiff vile was plung'd in *ſpeckling Troubles*
Of Sinking Grief, rowld up in ſevenfold Doubles

Of

Of plagues unvanquiſhable: Though thy Muſe flew high
And *leſſen'd* to the City, *ſome* might deſcry,
Thou, didſt nor alter Nature; Things came in
Such as th' are Born, no Outrage wrong'd the ſcene:
No Ship was caſt away in *Open Field*;
Nor fort, in *Perſon*, did come in, and yield;
Nor waſ't all One to thee, *which* croſt the Seas,
The ſad *Ambaſſadour*, or *Tripolis*;
Things had their juſt proportion, Colour, Light,
Nature ne'r fell, nor Reaſon, both kept their Right.
The Poets Fictions, though didſt reſign
To Boyes, and Pedants; Thou didſt not vex Each line
With Harpyes, Gorgons, Hydra's, Bears, and Goddeſſes,
Beyond *Tom Coryats* works; or *Homer's Odyſſes*;
Such Antique draughts ne'r Iſſued from thy Pen,
Thou *turnd'ſt* the Centaurs *Out*, and *brought'ſt in* Men.
But he was *ſlow*, and *heavy*, a year ſcarce brings
One play forth! Fools! The *wary growth* of things
Pre-ludes to their *Continuance*; delays
Crown Poems, the price, and emblem of the Bays:
Plants that live Ages, creep *ſlowly* from the Earth;
They come forth *late*, and *Aged* in the *Birth*;
So ſteddy, careful, and (*So*) *ſlow*, grew thine,
Perfect, *Full-tim'd*, and truly Maſculine;
Born to Poſterity, and the long ſtay
Of Ages; ſuch, as ſhall ne'r decay
Till time fall with e'm, till the Muſes grace
Prin's Poems, Or nice Ladyes court thy Face.

To the Lady B. *Upon the first coming to* E. *after her Marriage.*

MAke ready the *Libation*! Bring the *wine*
Hither, and the choyceſt *Flowers*, as when
We invoke the *Genius* of the *Place*, to bleſs
It, with a ſolemn, farther Happineſs.
Such be the Rites, while to this happy ſeat
(Fit for ſo fair Receipt) we call as Great,
But a diviner Preſence; which, to th' place
New Beauties ſhall divide, and its Own Grace.
So when a Temple, or an Altar's *raiſ'd*,
Not yet *devoted*, though the Building's praiſ'd,
The Height, firm Beauty, and ſilent Awe's admir'd,
'Tis ſtill *Imperfect* yet, while th' *God*'s deſir'd,
Whoſe *Preſence* muſt poſſeſs, and fill that ſpace,
And Own the common Beauty of the place.
Such here, both th' want, and Luſtre was, where All,
For which, or Greatneſs, or delight could call,
Was met together, like th' dwellings Fancy reares,
When parting from Obſcure and humble Lares,
It raiſes palaces, advances Towers,
Plants thoſe continual Shades, and living Bowers
Where *Lovers* or the *Bleſſed* dwell; and brings
Flowers which *ever* Breath, and *ſtay* the ſpring;
To whoſe quick ſtains, All Colours fade, and ſet,
But yours, to whom ev'n thoſe ſeem Counterfet.

'Tis

Tis not the Roſe's Bluſh, nor the *firſt Day*
Oth' Lillies new-diſclos'd, Own whiteneſs, may
Expreſs that Beauty, which Triumphs, like that ſtaine,
Which, through a crimſon veil, the Sun's Rays ſtrain'd,
Shed on an Ivory Table, where th' Light ſtreams
More *Glorious* from the *Cloud*, than from the Beam.
Fair Copy to th' Endeavours of theſe Flowres,
Whoſe Colours, ſhadow only are to yours,
But Life, and pattern t'Other Beauties give
That wonder hither! and with it relieve
The Shade, and Faintneſs, of their Luſtre; where
May it ſtill flouriſh! Nor Age nor ſickneſs bear
Spoyls from that Face: But like that Beauty, which
This Outward Form encloſes (your, far more rich
And lovely vertue) Or thoſe Chaſt equal Fires
Kindled in either Breaſt, which ſtill aſpire;
And know no want, no failing, or decay,
But ever climb, their ſtedfaſt, earneſt way;
May that endure! From this bleſt Union
Where all thoſe Beauties, and Perfections join
In their full Height, and Bounty, which Others own
Leſſen'd and maim'd, in their *Deſcent* alone;
Where we, (your Bloud's or Fortune's Eminence
Being ſpar'd,) might place, and count you from the *Cenſe*
Of vertue only, and from thence begin
Your long Deſcent, may a like Iſſue ſpring!
On whom, amongſt thoſe Other that attend
Their Birth, may that *Beſt Part*, Vertue deſcend.

Upo

Upon One Vaulting.

THE *Pindar he leap'd full thirty Foot back*,
'Twas a good jump *i' those days*, but short yet of Jack;
Nay though 'thad forty been, *John* yet were safe,
You know the Pindar had a *Quarter-staff*;
Which, (as when th' fellows careless Head it broke
Which stood int's way, so here) *Strikes a good stroke*:
But he needs no such help; He, by his Own
Meer motion, gets up, and by the same gets down,
Not so old *Sinon*, the *Treacherous Postilion*,
Who rod the *Great-horse* charg'd with Greeks to Ilion,
And those walls, o's which, not ten years prevail'd,
In One short night, he and his Ambush scal'd;
They *came not off* so well, for why? They slid
Down by a Rope, says *Virgil*, (And so they did)
But he at Once can, fetching a compass quite
About his Courser, both get up, and alight:
Hence then perfidious Greeks, who did not faulter
By Ladder to get up, and down by Halter;
Thou doest defie such Ominous Motions O *John*
Oth' Traytrous Greeks, and mount'st like a *true Trojan*.
The best oth' Greeks thou put'st down, ev'n no Worse-man
Then *Chiron*, who his *Own self*, was a *Horse-Man*;
Which greater Worth than his, if some require
That it should plainly here be made appear,
With this one Argument let *John* be [illegible], [illegible]
John can *dismount*, *No centaure ever lighted*:

As

As Antient Authors write, Sages and Poets,
Profound Mythologiſts, and the ſmall No-wits,
Therefore *John*, is both in the *Hiſtory*
Greater than *Chiron*, and eke in the *Miſtery*;
Since he alone oth' twain, muſt needs be beſt,
Whoſe *Region* of the *Man*, can *quit the Beaſt*.

O Pacolet! who with a wooden pin
Didſt guide thy nimble ſteed through th' Air ſo thin,
To *teach us* vertue; Boaſt not thy wondereus courſe,
Nor vaunt O Knight, who on thy ſteddy Horſe
Brave Clavileno, for Trifaldi fair,
Didſt *Malambruno* ſeek, pacing the Air;
And (*all at length*) didſt leap, ſome ſay, fall down,
This was thy Horſes Proweſs, not thine Own;
Nor any henceforth boaſt, their Horſes force
Leaps hedg, Or ditch, *John* ſhall *leap o'r their Horſe*.

A Paſtoral Ode by T. Randolph.

(SHEPHEARD.)

Oy *Celia*, doſt Thou ſee
Yon' hollow Mountain tottering o'r the plain,
O'r which, a *fatal* Tree
ith *Treacherous* Shade, betrais the ſleepy Swain?
Beneath it is a Cell,
full of Horrour, as my Breaſt of Care:
Ruine therein might dwell;
a fit Room for Guilt, and black Deſpair:
Thence will I headlong throw
is wretched weight, this heap of Miſery;
And in the duſt below
y my Carcaſs, and the Thought of thee:
Which when I finiſh'd have,
are she dead, as thou haſt done Alive!
But come not neer my Grave,
I take Heat from thee, and ſo revive.

The

The Answer.

CÆLIA:

STay hapleſs ſwain, Return!
Love's Altar knowes no *Bloody* Sacrifice;
No *Guilty* Fires there burn,
He only *wounds*, not *kills* his Votaries.
Stay Sheepherd! pitty *Me*,
Since to thy *ſelf*, thou bear'ſt ſuch ſtubborn Hate,
Is thy try'd Conſtancy
Faithful to *Plagues?* That's though thy *wonted* Fate;
Death with all *thy Griefs* end,
They'l lye forgotten in the ſame duſt with *thee*;
My ſorrows enter then,
And the long miſchief *ſtill* will torture *Me*.
Why wouldſt thou periſh *Now?*
Twas the *Coy* CÆLIA made thee *hate* thy Breath,
Shee'l be no *more ſo* now:
O Turn fond Friend, and do not *looſe* thy Death.

Chorus.

Let the Tree flouriſh! And
Forget his *Fatal Name*; but adorn'd thus
Caſt a *New Shade*; and ſtand
For ever Sacred unto *Love*, and *us*.

Cro

Crown the dry and wither'd Hill
With fresher Roses, then h' has yet had on,
And may he now be *Rill*!
Or if he *totter*, Let him *fall Alone*.

Horat.

Horat. Ode 7. Lib. Car. 4.

Ad Manlium torquatum.

THe Snow's diſſolv'd, and the *Chaſ'd* Flowers, return
Back to their Fields; By the Trees, Leaves are worn
Earth Shifts her Habit; The Bank (but now deſpis'd,
Checks the *whole River*; And it ſelf doth Riſe,
The Graces, with the Nymphs, now naked, may
Viſit the Field; ſmiling, and Fair, as they,
The year tells us w'are mortal, and th' gliding ſtay
Of the prone Hours, hurrying the Light away;
The *Gentle*, *eaſy* Blaſts awake the *Spring*,
The *Hot* remove it hence and *Summer* bring:
That's fled when th' Trees bow down their Loads, and the
The dull, cold *winter* binds up all agen.
But the Swift Moons *return* the *yeare*, But we!
When once we fall, ſhall with *Æneas* lye,
Tullus and *Ancus*; And (*born no more*) ſhall fade
Into our Urns, Duſt and forgotten Shade.
Who's ſure the *next Sun* ſhall Shine on *Him?* and ra
The ſmall ſpent Sum, and moment of his Days?

T

That which thou leav'ſt, thy heaps of Wealth and Care;
Shall periſh *too*, and ſlide from thy glad Heir,
When once th' haſt left the Day, and the juſt Judg, ſhall
Fix thy *Eternal Doom*, (thy trueſt fall)
'Tis not thy Birth, nor Eloquence, can free
And quit thee from't, nor thy late Piety.

Poet.

Boet. de Consol. Phil. lib. 2. Metr. 4.

WHol'd fix a *Sure* Retreat,
A lasting, wary seat;
Safe, when the wild storms blow,
And the Seas overflow;
Let him the Hills proud Height,
And th' Sands *false* Bottom sleight;
That, the loud Tempests shake,
These, the vain Pile forsake.
Shunning the envious Fate,
Does pleasant seats await:
Let thy low, humble Cell
In a Rock's Bosom dwell:
Though Seas and Tempests join
In *One* Confusion,
Hid in that quiet space,
Thy stedfast Rock's Embrace,
Thou shalt compleat thine Age,
And scorn the Cloud's vain Rage.

SONG.

1. WIthdraw my Cælia! Cloud thine eye,
Smile on an *Enemy*;
Thoſe Glances *Murther* where they flye,
Retire that piercing, earneſt Light!
And my faint, wounded ſight,
Bleſs rather with a *Shade*, and night:
The bliſs, which in a boundleſs, wanton Flood,
Showres on the narrow Soul, a vaſter Good,
With Exceſſive joys,
Th' or'whelmed Pow'r deſtroys.

2. Thoſe lovely Aires be far away!
Which, of the Syren's Lay
The ſweetneſs, and the *Death* conveigh:
In theſe, *more* Fate, *more* Magique lye,
Theſe, muſt the *Syren flee*,
Or hearing, charm'd, muſt *follow thee*:
But ſince thoſe Deaths, where Souls flye *raviſh'd* hence,
Have more of *joy*, than *Life* can e'r diſpence,
Smile and ſing, Cælia, *Life*'s an Ill,
Where *Smiles*, and *Soft Aires* kill.

3. Thus

3. Thus, Souls with Raptures charmed lye,
When from their Cells they fly,
Call'd, not by *Death*, but *Exstacy*:
Thus the Divine Nepenthe, gives
Life, which in *Slumbers* lives,
When Fate it *urges* and *retrèves*.
And thus, whilst by that voice and eye, betrayd,
My Soul, (as motions like, their like obey)

Does to Elizium stray,
Elizium is the *Way*.

When *Cyprus* fatal Hour drew nigh,
And only One year was untold
Decreed by impartial Destiny
That *Venice* should that Island hold,

The Turkish General *Mustapha*
Sate down before *Nicosia*.

To the Venetian Seignory
Cyprus a hundred years did bow;
But to a greater Tyranny
Its vanquish'd Head it must yield now;

Dominions cease, and scepters dye,
And low, as their fal'n Princes lye.

Nicosia long had peace enjoy'd,
Seated ith' midst oth' fertile Isle;
And by no Enemy annoy'd,
Had all the thoughts of War exil'd;
War followes peace; And that War may
Prevail, Peace does it *Self* betray.

Wak'd with the Rumor of this War,
With a new strong defensive Wall,
With Bulwarks firm and Regular
Their City they encompass'd All:

Who knowes whe'r Fates are *fix'd*? Or we
May Fate *retrieve* by Industry?

But

But all this Guard unequal was
To the Oppoſers violence;
The Cannons Thunderbolts took place,
And rent in ſunder All Defence.

Mans ſtrength, far weaker than Mans Rage,
Does *borrow'd* Powers, and Furies wage.

The Foe prevailes; and, as a Flood
Whoſe weight all Banks, and Dams bear down,
Swells high, and loud, by nought withſtood;
So the proud Foe o'rewhelms the Town.

But Floods are calm to him, what can
Equal the Boundleſs Rage of Man?

Who thirſt for Blood may glutted be,
Who luſts, may gratifie that vice;
For, the Reward of Victory,
Of Cities ſtorm'd the glorious price,

Is, That the Souldier is left free
To *put off* his Humanity.

But what's forbid by Heaven's Decrees,
Can Generals to their Souldiers give?
Laws againſt Luſts, and Cruelties
In Heaven ſign'd, Dare *they* retrieve?

The happy ſword may give new Law
To th' *vanquiſh'd*, muſt not *Heaven* awe.

Forbidden Luſts whilſt they permit,
And Fury raging beyond Death,
They, that themſelves are Men, forget,
And with the vanquiſh'd draw One Breath:

Swords licenc'd thus, 'gainſt Heav'n are drawn,
They gain the Day, but loſe the Man.

By th' Sword 'bove fifteen thouſand fall,
And twenty thouſand Captives led:
Theſe, do the ſlain more happy call;
And cloſely chain'd, envy the Dead.

The ſlain, no Victour can enſlave,
Eternal Freedom dwells i'th' Grave.

Who ere has Beauty, ſtrength, or Art,
Now yields it up, as *Spoyls* to th' Foe,
Captives have in themſelves no part,
But to the Victour All forgoe:

They breath for *Him*; who, as their Fate
Diſpences Life, or gives it Date.

Three Ships, with Dead and living Spoyls,
(Treaſure and Captives) loaden were;
The Harveſt of that Summers toyls
To *Selim* ſent by th' Conquerour:

The Blood and Guilt of *Thouſands*, muſt
Serve *One Mans* Luxury, and Luſt.

The

The Mothers, ſpread alongſt the Shoare,
Follow the Ships with big-ſwoln eyes,
To ſee thoſe, they ſhould ſee no more,
And to the Heavens ſend their Cryes;

Uncertain what from thence to ſeek,
A happy Voyage, or a wreck.

For to *what end* ſhould their vain Pray'r
Beg *Proſperous* Gales, and *Happy* winds,
That wafted by a gentler Air,
They might at length *Safe Bondage* find?

Let rather Rocks in ſunder rend
Their Limbs, and their ſwift thraldom end.

But what ſoft Mother, ever could
To hardned *Rocks* for *Pity* call?
'Twere too too fearful to behold
Their mangled Limbs in pieces fall;

Wherefore, of Heav'n, they beg *Heavin's will*,
Ready to ſuffer't, or fulfill.

A Virgin 'mongſt the Captives was,
Who ſeated by that *Cyprian* Queen,
Which Poets in this Iſland place,
That Venus had *leſs Venus* been;

For this, *more Goddeſs*, held enſhrin'd
In her Fair ſhape, a fairer mind.

She, with some Others, destin'd was
To the Grand Seigner's lustful Bed,
To suffer an enforc'd embrace,
As victims are to altars led,

Who die for *Others crimes*; As these
To Others Lusts are sacrific'd.

But She above Captivity
A Freedom held in her great mind,
Which soar'd beyond their Victory
And their dull Triumphs left behind:

Vertue born up oth' Soule's great wing,
No sword can into Bondage bring.

To that loath'd Fate I am reserv'd,
I scarce dare think upon, Said she;
Ye Pow'rs who th' helpless still preserve,
Mine Honour guard, and Chastity!

Which e're I'le yield to violate,
I'le be my self mine Own bold Fate.

Full of Great thoughts, She moves about
Slowly, not minding of her way,
And follows One amidst the Rout
Who at the Magazine did stay;

A Torch he bore in's hand, which gave
Light to the Horrour of the Cave.

The ſuddain Change of Objects, made
Her retir'd Spirits ſally out,
To view, what in that diſmal Shade
Had interrupted her fix'd Thought;

The Object pleas'd, fit to wait on
Her glorious Reſolution.

Snatching the Torch out of his hand
Who held it, not regarding Her,
She ſtraightway hurl'd the flaming Brand
Into the Powder that lay there

And as into the Heap it fell,
I'me Free (ſaid She) *Tyrant Farewel!*

As ſwift as thought, a dreadful Cloud,
(Where ribs of Ships, and Mens Limbs rent
Floated, in One confuſed Flood)
With Horrour to the Heavens went:

What the *ſame moment ſaw*, the *ſame*
Saw vaniſh'd and without a Name.

Where's the inſulting Victour now?
Where does the Captiv'd wretch remain?
One Blaſt, the Lawrel from *his Brow*,
Has *ſtrook*, and from *his Neck* the *Chain*:

Victour and vanquiſh'd both are loſt
And equall'd in One Common Duſt.

Nothing

Nothing eſcap'd but each fled *Mind*
With its *Deeds vertuous*, or *unjuſt*;
Which both *went with't* and *ſtaid behind*
To puniſh or Reward its Duſt.

Good Deeds, from *Men*, Fame and Renown
Receive; And from juſt *Heav'n* a Crown.

Learn Juſtice then *yet living* Souls!
And an unblemiſh'd purity;
Which both the Earth, and Heav'n enrolls,
And will *Survive*, when Bodies *dye*.

The Glories of the *Chaſt*, and *Juſt*
Renew and ſpring out of their duſt.

'Mongſt theſe Records of Earth and Heav'n,
Bleſſ'd Virgin be *thy Name* enroll'd!
Who by thy great Example given
To aged Time and Flame, haſt told

The following world, 'Tis *leſs* to dye
Than to diſhonour Chaſtity.

Live! great Example of it then!
And with it twine thy Honour'd Name,
By the ſucceeding Race of Men
Plac'd high in the Record of Fame.

Where the *Chaſt Cyprian Virgin* Shines
Amongſt the *Ancient Heroins*.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

On two Young Children, M. and A. R. Who were kill'd in their Beds by the fall of a Chimney.

SLeep boldy on! No careleſs Ruine's nigh,
No ſecond heap to bid you *wake* and *Dye*:
This Earth will preſs you *gently*, This weight, muſt
Securely yield up, and reveal its Duſt.
Since then *This*, Reſt; *That*, Death and Ruine gave;
Call *this* your *Bed*! 'Twas *Tother* was your *Grave*.
When *ſleep* betrayes, and Our Breath *Slumbers* ſeize;
O Let all *Sleep* as *Innocent* as theſe!

EPITAPH,

On Mrs. *E. G.*

BEauty, youth, and what e're we
Lovely call, *Here Buried lye:*
Duſt has e'm; And their choice Forms, they
Have loſt ith' undiſtinguiſh'd Clay.
But the Beauties of her mind
No Grave ſeals up, No Earth can bind,
They, with her Soul; And they alone,
Live Beauteous ſtill, and ſtill her Own:
The ſpoyls due to the Grave value no more!
Call all thoſe Pageants (Reader) Duſt, *Before.*

EPITAPH,

On Mrs. V. H. *Aged 62 Years.*

LIke th' Shock of Corn, which its full Age has seen,
She came to th' Grave, not *snatch'd*, but *gather'd* in;
Whose Life, not only from the *years* she told
We Aged call, But from her *virtues*, Old:
These gave her years; and Crown'd those years they gave,
Her Life, *erst* lasting made; and *now*, her Grave:
For these enshrine our Dust; These, from Change free
Make few years, Age; and Age, Eternity.

EPI-

EPITAPH.

On Mrs. *M. M.*

READER! In vain, you ſearch for memory
Of Ought, ith' Land when *All forgotten* lye
Silence, and Night, here their dark Manſions have;
Theſe make, and Seal the *Story* of the Grave.
Here lyes Duſt; Unfaſhion'd now,
Moulded Once, and form'd, as Thou,
Beauty ſate there, and youth, Life's faireſt Flowers;
Pleaſant, but ſwift, and paſſing as its Houres:
Thoſe Garlands, with the Brow that wore them, wither;
Life, and its vainer Bloſſoms fell together.
But within her Soul enſhrin'd,
Vertue waits on the fled mind,
Whoſe leaves fade not, meaſur'd by
Time, or by Eternity:
Whence the Soul divided never,
Wears a Crown, and Triumphs ever.
Reader! No more, declining Shadows truſt,
Call Vertue, Beauty; Other Beauty, duſt.

A Re-

A Reflection upon that Discourse of, Lipsius de Constantia, *the discourse having been rendred into English by the Author in our troublesome Times, and printed with it.*

AND what is't that can harm *me now?* I'me *Free*,
Yet by no *monstrous, tainted Liberty*;
Above *All Human Power*; *secure* and *high*,
I *quietly* attend *All Misery*.
For judgment, nor the Act of *Chance*, is found,
Nor *Man*; (*Affliction springs not from the Ground*)
No; from th' *Eternal, Wakeful, Providence*;
(That most *Confess'd*, most *unknown* Influence)
All things, as they their *Life* and *Being* have,
Their *Act* and *Motion*; so their *Rest* and *Grave*.
All struggling's then in *vain*: Proud, Feeble clay,
Look *whence* the stroke proceeds, and *Learn t' Obey*.
But *Cheerfully* Obey! as thou wert Free,
And couldst resist; 'Tis *Imbecillity*,
And not *Obedience*, that suffers, cause
Necessity enjoynes, and the *hard Laws*
Of *Fate*: *Choose* what befalls thee then! And lay
Thy bold repinings, and vain strengths away;
Obedience is thy surest *Guard*, To will
What must befall, *shuns* and *deceives* the Ill;

But he's twice harm'd; who, when there's no Defence,
Endures both th' *ill*, and's *Own Impatience*.

And what should *fright* thy will? What from *Above*
Descends, where nought but *Goodness* dwells, and *Love*,
Is *Good* and *Loving* too; No plague comes *nigh*,
Nor *from that Dwelling*; those Emissions, *high*,
And *Healthful* are; *Divine Beatitude*
Is not from *hence* alone, 'cause 't does *exclude*
All evil from it self; and comprehends
All Good; But, 'cause that Good *descends*
Joys in that Bliss it does to *Others* bring,
Spreads a *full Shade*, an *universal Wing*;
Under whose cool Defence, All Creatures rest;
A Pow'r *still Blessing*, and *for ever Blest*.

Say not, from thence, that each Affliction,
Each unkind mixture, Each distress comes down,
And these are evils; No! We falsly guess
That Love, by *Outward* pain or Happiness;
Those smiles do neither Cure, nor those Griefs kill;
For neither joy is Good, nor pain is ill.

Not the poor joys of *Earth*: nor its false pain,
Which while th' affect us, do withdraw again,
(As when a storm, gives, or a Sun, to th' Flow'r,
The Beauty, or the sickness of an Hou'r)
And when th' are fled, (As Flowres their drooping Head
Never to rise, let fall;) Th' are *Ever* fled;
Fled like a pleasing, or unquiet *Dream*,
Or like the smooth, or the complaining stream,
Which *Yesterday* (*ne'r to return*) pass'd by:
Their Torment, and their joy, Then, *Equal* be;

And

And in One *Ev'n State*, together lye
The *Glorious*, and the *Wretched*, Memory
Is *All* that does divide 'em; For what's paſt,
Time has ſeal'd up, and the dark Grave holds faſt;
Their *Preſent Sence* of what is fled, is *One*:
The wretched, *Suffers not* His pain *that's gone*;
Nor th' happy, *feels his joy*: But One deep Night
Has drawn it's heavy Wing, and clos'd *Each Light*;
No pleaſing, or ingrateful Senſe remains,
But the *faint Story* of the Joys or Pains.
Such Shadows are th' Affections Good or Ill,
Fleet as their Objects: But the Soul's great will
Purſues no *dying Good*; but thoſe, that be
Companions of its *Own Eternity*;
For th' Good that's *Choſen*, muſt proportion'd be
To th' Pow'r that *Choſe*, that it may ſatisfie
Its *utmoſt* Cravings, when repoſing there
It ſhall *enjoy* and *loſe* its *Vaſt deſire*:
But 'mongſt the Mines of Earth, there's none can fill
Th' Embraces of the Soul, nor bound its will:
Falſe to their Love, they do but Cheat the mind;
For parting, thoſe dull Goods will ſtay Behind.
It therefore Courts a *laſting* Happineſs,
And hates that Evil, which *no Change* can bleſs;
Enjoys the Peace of *Truth* and *Vertue*; flies
The pain of *Errour*, and *Impieties*.
Rectitude meaſures what it *Loves*, and *Shuns*;
Guide of its knowledg, and its Actions.
Such is the *Soul's* delight! Such its high Love!
A Pure, Immortal Beauty, lodg'd Above,

Which outlives Change; and *unconcern'd*, looks on
The *Torrent* of a *Desolation*;
When All the Things, which here we Glorious call,
Stoop to their First Earth; And together fall
Low as their Foundations: When nought withstands
The Fury of the *Glorious*, *Guilty* Hands
But One heap made, shew, what Confusion
Deforms the World, when *Strength* and *Madness* joyn.
There, (like a steep, bold Rock, which midst the flood
Has *thousand* storms, and *thousand* Thunders stood;
Whose *Safe* Foundations laid *Beneath* the Deep,
Quiet, and low, ith' Earth's firm Bosom sleep,
Free from the War oth' Tempest, whilst his proud
Advanced head, rais'd 'bove both Sea, and Cloud,
Views *Either* storm *Beneath*; and safe does lye
Though *midst* the *Rage*, yet '*bove* the *Injury*)
Thy Great Mind stand *Secure*; *High*, and *Alone*,
It *Self* intire, and its *Possession*:
For *who* can wound, Or lead thy *Mind* away
Captive? Or take thy *Virtue* 'mongst the *Prey?*
It Conquers Time and Death: And does abide
When th' sence of suff'ring, Or enjoyings fled;
For when the pleasure, or the pain is *gone*,
The Conscience of a Vertuous Action
Lives, and Rewards the doer: These joys Alone
Know not the Grave, Nor *see Corruption*;
But with the Soul, whose Good they are, ascend;
Pure, Immaterial, Aged as the mind.
N'er to be parted, For the Good desir'd,
Though sever'd ith' pursuit, yet when acquir'd,

Is with the Pow'r desiring it, made *One*;
For All *Desire* tends to *Perfection*,
(The high Reward of *Love*) which then's attain'd,
When the *Imperfect Pow'r*, t' its *Fair Hope* chain'd,
Weds the *Beloved Object* to its *Own*
Being; From which *intire* Perfection
Crowning its Being, and with it made *One*
Who shall divide it, makes the *Being None*.

If then the Soul's Enjoyments are *Above*;
If it's high, well-aim'd wishes *thither* move,
If Truth, and Goodness only, are its end;
All things befall us, as they *thither* tend
Are Good, or Bad; Since things subservient
To Other ends, are nam'd from the Event.

What then *unwings* the Soul, and *stops* its Flight,
Which or depresses, or suspends its height,
Wrongs th' End; which, if unskilful *Happiness*
Shall do, if from its weight this Motion cease,
That flattring Bliss will to thy sorrows add;
'Tis but a Death sent *Smiling*; ill, *well*-clad.

Or, If Affliction shall *Promote* its way,
If by it, (free'd from th' Hindrance, and delay
Of Outward Things,) The Soul, now left *Alone*
(Preluding to its Separation)
Shall view these perishing Objects, with those Eyes
Which both their *Presence*, and their *Want* despise;
And with a pure and rectifi'd desire
To *Goodness* only shall, and Truth aspire:
Th' Afflicted shall *lament no more*: But bless
The *Mercy* of the wound; The Happiness,

To which, (as when dark ſtorms or Clouds conceal
A God deſcending,) *Sorrow* was the *veil*.

Aim then *aright*, thy ill-plac'd Hope and Fear!
For ſince the Glorious, and the Scorn'd Things Here
Wait for *One Change*; (as when the laſt great Flame
Shall mingle *Stars* and *Duſt*:) And ſince *No Name*
Shall know them *any more* when parted hence,
Nor their Effects, return, and ſtrike the ſenſe;
(For who enjoys the *faln Flower*? Who can tell
Where th' Roſe has *hid* its Colour? *left* its ſmell?
whither, its fair, its untaught Blaſt did *ſtray*?
Or what rude wind ſtole its *laſt* Breath away?
That can new-dreſs the ſcatter'd Flower, can tye
The Leaves into their knot *Again*, which flye
The vain winds ſcorn?) Leave the delights of Earth!
(Thoſe Flowers oth' Field:) And whence thy Soul its Birth
Derives, Aſcend! kindle a *new* Deſire
Within thy Breaſt; A *genuine* Native Fire;
Which to that Beauty climbs that dwells *Above*,
That *Glorious Endleſs Form*! Be *this* thy *Love*!
Tother, Embrace, or Shun, as They *Serve* this;
All 'em th' *Attendants* On its *Not* the *Bliſs*;
Follow the *End*! 'Tis *that alone* can ſtay
The Soul, No Reſt's to them who dwell ith' way!

ETERNAL POWER! Cauſe of our joy and Grief,
From whom, *All Sorrow* comes and *All Relief*,
Guide us in *Either*! If Thou'lt have us tri'd
With Outward *Bleſſings*, Teach us to abide
The ſtrong *Temptations* of Happineſs:
But if (Our Frailty known) Thou'lt rather Bleſs

Us

Us with *Affliction* (since *Prosperity*
Of Fools destroys 'em) Let's not repine, that we
Are freed from th' *Curious Danger*; Nor be cast down,
And murmur at thy mercy, 'cause thy *Frown*
Saves us; But cheerfully submit to Thee;
Since Our Distresses, and Our Suffrings, be
The *Care of Heaven*; Since the Pow'r directs
And which commands the Plague, *That Pow'r* protects.
Thus when we have devolv'd Our selves on thee,
Whate'r befalls us, joy, or Misery,
We shall be *Safe in Either*; plac'd on High
(As our Defence is) when the storms pass by,
The wild impatient storms, *Beneath* us, *we*
(As the safe Lawrel, when each blasted Tree
Oth' Grove the last Mark stands oth' Lightnings way)
Shall *still* be *Green*, and *Flourish* like *that Bay*:

That of Ovid *Met.* 12.

Jam timor ille Phrygum, Deus et tutela pelasgi
Nominis Æacides, &c.

Transfer'd to Our *CHARLES* I

AND now the Brittains *Crown* and *Guard*, the Dread
Of jealous——whose unconquer'd Head
Nor Tongues nor Arms subdu'd, oth' low Block laid,
By th' votes which Glory promis'd, is betraid.
Hee's Dust now; And of that Great Prince, we have
Only what scarce fills up a *Nameless* Grave;
But his vast Fame, spread o'r the world, still lives
And fills it; and his *Endless* Name retrives:
This to his worth's Commensurate, and this
Equals Thee, *CHARLES!* And shall contemn th' Abiss.

PANE-

PANEGYRICK,

To His Excellency the thrice-noble General, General MONK.

WHat Honour, th' Ancients to their Vertue gave
Who *Monsters* quell'd and the *Oppressed* sav'd,
Though clad in *Fable*, (and thence, *bolder* drawn,
As not by th' *Life*, but heightned *Fancy* tane)
Is due to *you*, Who, a more *ravenous* Crew,
Of *Hidra's*, *Harpies*, (*Monsters of prey*) subdue,
Than they or *knew*, or *fain'd*: whilst thus, to you,
Both All *True Story* yields and *Fable* too,
Those vanquish'd Acts, which they, as *wonders* tell,
Gain our *Belief*, but *lose* their *Miracle*;
And *your Deeds*, make, whilst They thus stand *alone*,
Their ravish'd Garlands, and Their Wreaths, *your Own*.
After a Twenty years restless Expence
Of Treasure, Prudence, Blood, and Innocence:
The *Great work* in Our hands still prospering, we
At length atchiev'd *Bondage* and *Infamy*;
A Bondage, where we did *unpitied* lye,
Since 'twas Our *Crime*, not *Infelicity*;
Gain'd, to the *deer*, *unvalued* losse, of *Those*
Who to successful Guilt, vain Arms oppos'd:
Brave Souls! Who, when the Torrent *highest* stood,
Cast *your selves in*, to stem th' Impatient Flood;

But ſwallow'd by the Gulph, to th' greedy wave
All, but your *Conſcience* and your *Honour*, gave:
They, their *Own Heav'n* attaining whence they came,
Left us your *Great Example*, and *long Name*;
For though *Our Crimes* muſt in *Oblivion* lye,
(The *Streſs* oth' Times,) *your Vertues ne'r ſhall die.*
Thus, deep in Guilt, which its *Own vengeance* drew,
Suffring *true* ills, whilſt we *falſe* Fears eſchew;
Reaping the Guilt of Our ill-guided pray'r,
Which againſt ſacred things we durſt prefer,
We lay, The Conqueſt of *thoſe vows*, and *Tears*,
Which Heav'n in *wrath* alone, and *judgment* hears.
Caught thus ith' ſnare which Our Own Folly laid,
All Civil, and Religious Rites betraid,
As of paſs'd ſtreams, or a fled Life ſtoln by,
Only the *Fable* of Our Liberty
Remain'd; whoſe *Worth* its Loſs made *greater* known;
As heightned Glories, by deep'ſt, Shades are ſhown.
This, after freedom Our vain *wiſhes* led,
But not Our *Hopes*; they, with Our freedom, fled.
Souls in Eternal Night, may *wiſh* for Day,
Not *hope* it, Hope leaves *that End* which has *No way.*
So wholly ſhut up, ſo deplor'd ſeem'd Ours;
Op'd, and forbidden by *devoted* Powr's:
Whom the great *Gain* of Guilt, and greater *Fear*,
Fightned by Art or Conſcience to Deſpair,
Made *Sure* to the *Black Cauſe*; Thus miſled, *They*
All to their *Chiefs*; *we* unto *Both*, a prey.
And now Confuſion pour'd in; All Our world
violence, and *Fanatique Fury* hurld:

The

The Victours quarrel, Not to make *us* free,
But whose Inheritance the Slaves shall be;
How to cut out, and Share the *Bleeding prey*,
And keep the Saints in *Everlasting pay*;
Whose Feaver highest beats, and does present
The Closest, Heaviest yoke of Government;
His, who, of *Helots* dreamt, and *Gibeonites*,
Placing o'r Each, the *Spartan Israelites*
In the *select Senate*; Or his, who saw
The longer vision of *Oceana*.

These, and what-e'r some *New-Tranet* might reveal,
One Heat enact, and the *next Fit* repeal,
From their *Prodigious Lights* what rais'd could be
To th' scorn of *Reason* and *Humanity*,
More horrid *yet*, we fear'd; more without Name,
Or Bottomless, than th' pit from whence it came.

But he, whom *Seas, and the deaf winds obey*,
And th' people, *more* enrag'd, *more* deaf than they,
Whose presence, the swift Checks of ill declare,
And o'r the Helpless, a *Surprizing* Care;
(That Dread, to Guilty Powers may still be nigh;
And Hope to th' wretched's low Calamity:)
Look'd down; And (by *your Hand*!) parting each wave
To Peace, and Liberty a passage gave;
Our King, to *us* did; *us*, unto *Our King*,
(The *Sum*, and *Measure of Our Blessings*) bring:
what Statue shall preserve you? Or, to your Fame
Equal, what *loud Inscription* bear *Monke*'s *Name*?
Who, not misled b' Ambition's vain Desires,
(Those erring, and those swiftly-falling Fires)

But guided by those Laws *firm Vertue* gives,
And that *Fair Honour*, which by Her still lives,
Did a bless'd Order from Confusion bring,
Faithful to *God*, your *Country*, and your *King*.

On

On the City of S. purchaſe of the Cap of Maintenance.

THis Relique coſt us 'bove three hundred pound,
Badg of Our Honour, and Diſcretion:
But, what did make't a ſaving Bargain, was,
We got the *Cloſe* in, and St. *Nicholas*:
Now we may throw Our Cap at 'em; All's gone!
Our wit, Our money, and Dominion:
Should *They* requite us, 'twere much *Cheaper* done;
We *bought* the Cloſe, but they might *beg* Our Town.

Stra-

Strada's Nightingale
In Imitation of Claudian's *ſtile.*

NOw the prone Sun ſtoop'd to his Weſtern way,
From his bright hairs darting a ſofter Ray,
When, by cool Tibur's ſtreams, a Lutaniſt
On his full mellow Lute his Cares releas'd;
From the Heat's pow'r defended by the Shade,
Which, as an Arbour form'd, the dark Holme made.
Him, in th' adjoining woods, cloſe armes embrac'd;
A Nightingale o'rehears, the muſe oth' place,
Its Siren, (harmleſs Siren) Who, ſtoln neer,
Stood liſtning midſt the thicker Branches; Where
The ſounds he ſtrikes, She takes; and from her Breaſt,
Thoſe, his ſwift fingers gave, her voice expreſt.
The Lutaniſt, the emulous Notes o'reheard;
And meaning t' entertain the lovely Bird,
With ſwifteſt touch he does each Nerve explore,
Strains, thoſe were lax, looſes th' o'reſtretch'd before;
Nor ſlower She, Coynes into thouſand Notes
The melted Air through her dividing Throat.
Th' Artiſts skill'd hand then drawn o'r th' trembling Nerves,
Sometimes his Nail the careleſs plecter ſerves;
Which, in a bold, contemning motion thrown,
With One, ſmooth, Equal duct, all Chords kembs down;
Then

Then Beats, and with his trembling fingers tops,
Breaks the *whole Sound* into *Swift parts*, then ſtops.
She, with as many modes, his Art repaies
With Art; Now, as She had forgot her laies,
She, a plain, *Single Tone*, unvaried, ſtrikes;
Then *trilling*, with a *Second*, that Note breakes;
O're *Both which* hov'ring, but aſſur'd to None,
She 'twixt *two Notes*, divides the *floating Tone*.
The Artiſt wonders, ſo exile a Throat
Should yield ſo various, and ſo ſweet a Note,
Wherefore, with bolder ſtrokes, the differing ſtrings
By turnes he moves, whilſt with a *quicker Spring*
The *ſmaller* Nerves do vibrate: But the Baſe
Their *wide* excurſions make, with *ſlower* pace;
Whoſe hoarſer Notes, which with thoſe loud Tones jar
He joynes, as when the Trumpet ſounds in War.
This too the ſweet Bird Sings; whoſe liquid Breaſt
Having a *ſmart* and *trembling* Note expreſt,
She on the ſuddain from that Height falls down
To the *low murmur* of a *hollow Tone*,
Purling within Her Breaſt; Then does excite
By turnes, both tones, as ſounding to a Fight.
The Lutaniſt, with Shame and Anger fill'd,
That th' *untaught* voice, Notes 'bove *his Art* ſhould yield,
Or this (ſaies he) Thou woods wild Choriſter
Shall ne'r return, Or I will break my Lire!
This ſaid, He with inimitable Straines
Urges his Lute; mounts, and deſcends again
Through all the Chord; *beats*, *ſtings*, *divides*, and *trills*,
And in the *dying* Cloſe *all Numbers fills*:

Then

Then staies, expecting what the Bird would do.
But she, although her weari'd Throat grew rough
With her late toyle, yet touch'd with the disdain
Of being vanquish'd, She unites (*in vain!*)
All her spent powers; For whilest the *Numerous Tone*
Of differing Strings, She strives to match with *One*,
unequal to th' attempt, but *more*, to Grief,
Faints; And in a *Soft Tone*, breathing forth *Life*,
Falls on the Victours Lute; A *decent Grave*!
Such Aimes at Vertue, *All*, ev'n *least Souls*, have.

FINIS.